Courtyard In Berlin

Mighty Oaks

Oh the wind, it's rushing through the trees
On the shores of an ocean just for me
And oh the sun, I see it shining down
In the courtyard, it's trying to warm the groundAnd oh the leaves, they turn to gold from green
In the courtyard, in Berlin
And the clouds, I see 'em passing by
They're a white contrast in the sky

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